



WAR ON LAND, SEA AND AIR!



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Everybody's WAR

ON A PARTICULAR AFTERNOON, IN THE BOMBED-OUT REMNANTS OF A KOREAN TOWN, PFC. LARRY WALKER LEARNED SOMETHING! IT CAME THE HARD WAY, AS THESE THINGS USUALLY DO! BUT MAYBE IT WAS THE ONLY WAY FOR HIM TO LEARN THAT THIS IS... EVERYBODY'S WAR!



AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS LENGTHEN ACROSS THE KOREAN COUNTRY-SIDE, AN AMERICAN OFFICER PEERS ANXIOUSLY THROUGH HIS FIELD GLASSES...

HOW DOES IT LOOK, SIR?

NOT BAD, SGT. GRAHAM! THE BRIDGE LOOKS CLEAR ENOUGH, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! ANYWAY, WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT!



HAVE THE MEN MOVE UP-- AND TELL 'EM TO SHAKE IT UP THE MINUTE THEY HIT THE BRIDGE! ONCE WE MAKE THE LEFT BANK WE'LL BE OKAY -- BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS!

THEY'LL GET ACROSS, SIR!







WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE ANTI-PERSONNEL BOMBS GO TO WORK AGAINST THE RED POSITIONS..



LATER--ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A BOMB-BLASTED KOREAN VILLAGE...

OKAY, FELLAS.. OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO TAKE AND HOLD THIS TOWN UNTIL THE MAIN BODY COMES UP! THE REDS HAVE PROBABLY PULLED OUT, BUT LOOK OUT FOR SNIPERS! WE'LL GO IN, IN PAIRS! WALKER AND FALLON, TAKE THAT FIRST SIDE STREET!

RIGHT, SARGE!



I DON'T LIKE IT--IT'S TOO DARNED QUIET! THEY'RE HERE, I TELL YA-- WAITIN' FER US!

WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER, LARRY-- WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT! C'MON!



SUDDENLY...

EDDIE-- I'M HIT!

SPANG!



YOWWWWW!

CRACK!



BETTER NOT-- HANG AROUND.. OR YOU'LL SET YOURSELF UP-- FOR A TARGET! BEAT IT... I'LL BE-- OKAY!

STOP TALKING LIKE THAT! WE'RE STICKING TOGETHER!

WE'LL BE OKAY HERE FOR A WHILE! JUST TRY TO RELAX!

DON'T BE-- A DOPE, EDDIE! THE REDS-- HAVE US-- SPOTTED! GET OUT OF HERE-- WHILE THE GOIN'S GOOD! DON'T-- BE A SUCKER FOR ME!

THEY'RE RUSHIN' US! SCRAM, WILL YA? BEAT IT!

STOP YELLING AN' RELAX! I TOLD YA I'M STAYING!

BANG! BANG!





BUT AS THE LAST RED FALLS...



MINUTES LATER, AS THE FIRST
DETACHMENT OF THE MAIN BODY
ENTERS TOWN...



AS THE FIRST STAR APPEARS IN THE KOREAN
SKY, PFC. LARRY WALKER REMAINS SEATED
ON A BOULDER! HE DOESN'T MOVE... ALL
HE DOES IS THINK...



Famous BATTLES of HISTORY

BATTLE of SOISSONS

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES IN FRANCE, ON MAY 30TH, 1918!



GENTLEMEN, THE GERMANS HAVE LAUNCHED A MAJOR OFFENSIVE ACROSS THE MARNE! WE'LL THROW THE 2ND U.S. DIVISION AND THE MARINE BRIGADE INTO THEIR PATH! GENERAL HARBORD, HAVE YOUR MEN PREPARE A RESERVE-TRENCH SYSTEM BEHIND THEIR POSITIONS IN THE EVENT THEY'RE TO FALL BACK!

WE WON'T HAVE TO DIG ANY TRENCHES, SIR... THE MARINES WILL HOLD WHERE THEY STAND!



ON JUNE 1ST, U.S. TROOPS MARCHED TO THE FRONT TO STEM THE GERMAN TIDE... WHILE THE BADLY BATTERED FRENCH TROOPS WITHDREW!

THEY TOOK A SHELLACKIN'... BUT WE'RE GONNA DISH ONE OUT!



NOT ONLY DID THE MARINE BRIGADE THROW BACK THE GERMAN ATTACKS... BUT IN COMPANY WITH THE 7TH INFANTRY, THEY ATTACKED THE VERY POSITIONS THE ENEMY THOUGHT WERE IMPREGNABLE... THE INTRICATE TRENCH-SYSTEM IN BELLEAU WOOD!



HIMMEL... THEY FALL AND FALL... BUT STILL THEY COME!

YES, THE AMERICANS CONTINUED TO COME, UNTIL THEY FINALLY SCORED A... BREAKTHROUGH!

AARGHHH!



THEN, AT GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS...

SINCE THE ACCURSED AMERICANS HAVE PREVENTED US FROM EXTENDING THE MARNE SALIENT, WE WILL HAVE TO WIDEN IT BY ATTACKS SOUTH OF SOISSONS! THIS WILL BE THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR THE ALLIES... WE WILL DRIVE THEM INTO THE SEA!





SO THE BATTLE OF SOISSONS BEGAN...WITH THE GERMANS ATTACKING IN MASS FORMATION!

BOYBOY---HOW CAN WE MISS 'EM? THEY MUST BE NUTS--- THEY'LL NEVER GET THROUGH WHAT WE'RE READY TO THROW AT 'EM!



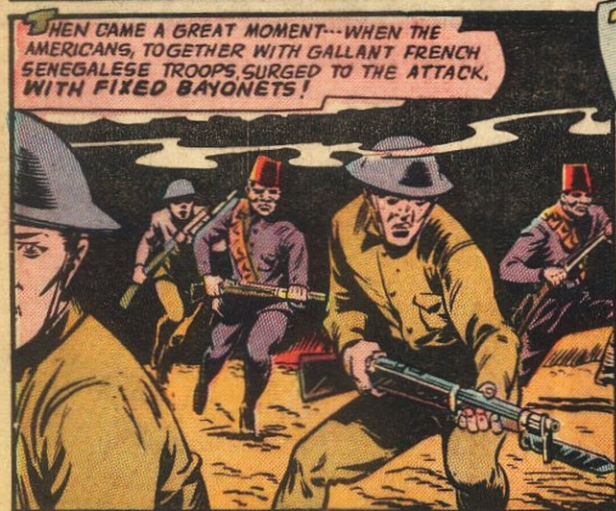
SUDDENLY, IMMENSE CONCENTRATIONS OF ALLIED ARTILLERY COMMENCED FIRING AT TOP SPEED, POURING DOWN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



THE MOMENT THE BARRAGE LIFTED, FIGHTER PLANES SWOOPED DOWN, WREAKING HAVOC AMONG THE ENEMY SURVIVORS!



WHILE THOSE WHO GOT THROUGH TO THE U.S. TRENCHES WERE DROPPED IN THEIR TRACKS BY THE WITHERING HAIL OF FIRE FROM AMERICAN SHARP-SHOOTERS!



THEN CAME A GREAT MOMENT--WHEN THE AMERICANS, TOGETHER WITH GALLANT FRENCH SENEGALESE TROOPS, SURGED TO THE ATTACK, WITH FIXED BAYONETS!



THE GERMANS BROKE AND RAN---WITH LOSSES SO HEAVY THAT THEY WERE UNABLE TO MOUNT ANOTHER OFFENSIVE DURING THE REST OF THE WAR! THE BATTLE OF SOISSONS WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END... FOR THE GERMANS!

THE END!
2



AN AIRMEN'S SERVICE CLUB, SOMEWHERE IN KOREA--

YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, RUSS! ONE MORE MISSION THROUGH MIG ALLEY -- AND IT'S **BACK TO THE STATES!**

YOU'RE NOT KIDDING, PAL! TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY -- IF I SWEAT THAT ONE THROUGH, I'LL BE OKAY!



EXCUSE MY BUTTIN' IN, FELLAS -- BUT HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CONTRIBUTION FOR THE **KOREAN ORPHAN FUND?**

SURE THING, KELLY! YOU CAN HAVE MY LAST FIVE!





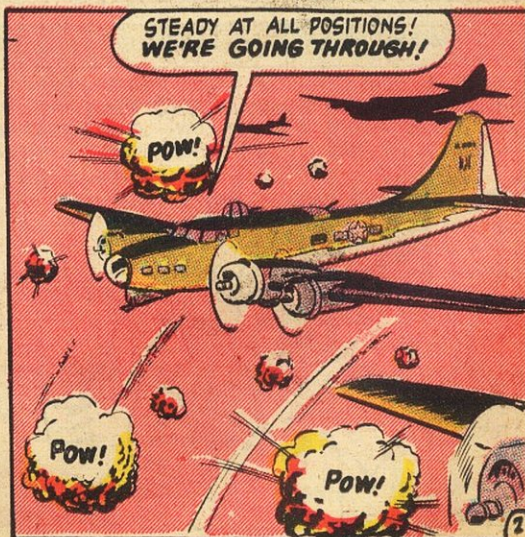
THE FOLLOWING DAWN, AS THE HEAVY BOMBERS TAKE TO THE SKY--



AN HOUR LATER, AS RUSS'S FLIGHT APPROACHES THE TARGET--



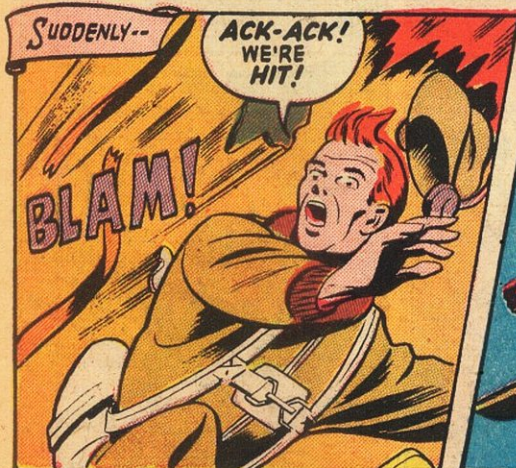
BUT AS THE HUGE BOMBERS HIT THE INITIAL POINT IN THEIR APPROACH TO THE TARGET, A RED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY LINES THEM IN THEIR SIGHTS--



THEN, AS THE PLANE THUNDERS
OVER THE TARGET--



IN A WIDE SWOOPING ARC, THE
PLANE TURNS OFF THE TARGET
AND STREAKS FOR HOME--



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER RUSS MAKES HIS LEAP--



SPOTTING THE ONCOMING REDS, RUSS MAKES A DESPERATE BID FOR FREEDOM--

THEY'RE CALLING IT OFF! IF I CAN HIDE OUT TILL DARK, I MIGHT STAND A CHANCE!

命令

急走

WHEN NIGHT FALLS--

THINGS SURE LOOK DIFFERENT ON THE GROUND THAN IN THE AIR-- BUT I DON'T THINK I'M TOO FAR AHEAD OF OUR ADVANCED UNITS!



THROUGH A NARROW BACK ROAD, KANG TAKES
RUSS TO HIS FATHER'S HOUSE--

YOUR SON SAYS YOU CAN
TAKE ME TO THE AMERICAN
LINES! YOU'LL BE PAID WELL!

I NOT ASK FOR
MONEY-- BUT I
TAKE YOU!



KANG GO TOO, JOE!
KANG KNOW THE
WAY VERY GOOD!

MAYBE GOOD IDEA BOY
COME! RED GOLDIERS
NOT BOTHER WITH
LITTLE FELLA!



HOURS LATER, WHEN DAWN COMES--

LOOK-- LITTLE KANG
SAY WE COME NOW!
AMERICAN LINE
NOT TOO FAR! WE
HURRY, ACROSS
FIELD!

OKAY! WE'LL BE
IN THE OPEN-- BUT
WE'LL HAVE TO
CHANCE IT!



RED FIRE!
GET BACK!

BRAT-TAT-TAT!



THIS IS IT--
NOW OR
NEVER!



ARGHHHH!

BLAM!



SUDDENLY--

LOOK OUT,
JOE! LOOK...





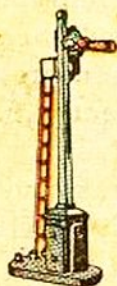
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT RUSS'S BASE--



Boys, Get That Real R.R. Engineer's Thrill

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WITH

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WHITE-COLLAR

WONDER

MAJOR ROY PEARSALL wasn't particularly proud of himself. Sure, it was something to have become the squadron's lead navigator after only three months of combat, but Roy looked upon navigation as a sort of white collar job. "I'm no combat man," he would snort belligerently. "The pilots just take me along for the ride."

In a few minutes the "ride" would be finished. Roy had navigated the bomber force to the target perfectly. "But a baby with a compass," he thought, "could have done just as well." His job was over; all he could do now was sweat out the flak and start plotting the maps for the homeward journey. Almost enviously, he looked over at the gunners, who were scanning the skies all attention. They would take care of whatever action came their way.

BOMBS AWAY! He looked out at the town below, toward which the deadly missiles were spiralling. He saw the explosion flashes long before there was any noise. It was an awesome sight, the towering clouds of smoke spreading like a disease over the town. Then the mission was complete. The bomber had weathered the light flak. All they had to do was go home.

There was a fierce shout: "MIGS!" In an instant the .50 calibers were rattling in the tail. Roy dived for the floor as a stream of slugs ripped through the bomber fuselage and riddled his map table. "Whew!" he yelled. "That was CLOSE! Alert, men!" His warning wasn't necessary, for the gunners were already swinging their weapons frantically, trying to get a line of fire on the swarm of enemy planes coming in.

Quickly, the sky was filled with the roar of straining motors and the staccato clatter of fast guns. He saw two Migs burst in fiery balls about two thousand yards out at 9 o'clock, and far off on the left a Sabrejet was plummeting down in flames.

"All I can do is wait around to get killed," he muttered, lying prone on the floor, "and there's *nothing* I can do about

it!" He heard the waist gunner's agonized yell. Instantly, Roy was on his feet, bounding to catch the falling body. "You okay, Jim?" he asked. The gunner looked up hazily, blood flecks showing at the corner of his mouth. "Take over, Roy... TAKE OVER!"

He let the limp body fall, and grabbed the heavy machinegun. The trigger felt strangely remote as he drew a bead on the diving Mig. He pressed, feeling his whole body vibrate under the recoil of the gun. "Lead the plane! LEAD!" Roy heard the wounded gunner's clipped orders coming from the floor. The Mig was practically on top of them when he cut loose again.

It was a direct hit, tearing the fighter's fuselage practically in half. "Good," he heard the gunner mutter. "Keep your eyes peeled..." When Roy looked again, the gunner had fainted. Now he was on his own, watching the fierce dogfight far out on the horizon, and hoping that none of the Red planes got through. Suddenly, out of the tangle of straining motors, a Mig peeled off, zooming directly at him. Roy opened fire too soon, saw his stream of tracers fall far short, just as the enemy's guns started blinking fire. A dozen slugs whistled around his head, three of them slamming into his chest. The impact hurled him clear across the belly of the bomber. Automatically, realizing that unless the Mig was stopped the bomber would be blasted to shreds, he began crawling forward frantically on his hands and knees. At the last instant he reached the gun. The Mig was on top of him when he fired.

It passed within inches of the bomber, trailing long streaks of flame. It exploded just before Roy passed out.

He didn't revive until after the landing in Pusan. "How do you feel?" a medical aide asked as they carried him on a stretcher from the riddled plane.

"Feel?" said Roy gingerly, "I feel GREAT. I'm probably the only white collar man in the whole Air Corps with two enemy kills!"

FIX BAYONETS!



A G.I. bayonet is ten inches of cold, murderous steel -- but an enemy bayonet is just as cold, just as murderous! It's screaming death for the one who's on the receiving end -- but PFC. Nick Lawton was sure that would never happen to **HIM!**

IT WASN'T THAT NICK LAWTON WAS A GOLDBRICK -- HE JUST HATED EXTENDING HIMSELF UNLESS HE THOUGHT IT WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY! FOR EXAMPLE, EVEN BACK IN THE STATES...



FALL OUT, MEN -- BAYONET DRILL!

MY ACHIN' BACK -- NOT AGAIN! WHAT DO WE NEED IT FOR?

PARRY-THRUST-- PUT SOME MUSCLE INTO IT, LAWTON!

WHY DOESN'T HE WISE UP THAT THIS IS AN ATOMIC AGE? BAYONETS SHOULD'VE BEEN BURIED WITH THE HORSE CAVALRY!



HIT THAT DUMMY LIKE YOU MEAN IT, LAWTON! CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL THAT THIS BAYONET PRACTICE MIGHT SAVE YOUR LIFE SOME DAY?

BALONEY -- I'LL NEVER GET WITHIN SMELLIN' DISTANCE OF AN ENEMY BAYONET, EVEN IN COMBAT! THIS STUFF WENT OUT OF DATE WITH THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR!



MONTHS LATER, IN KOREA...

SEE THOSE BIG BABIES?
THEY BLAST THE REDS OUTTA
THEIR HOLES BEFORE THE
INFANTRY MOVES IN! ALL WE
DO IS MOW THE SHELL-SHOCKED
REDS DOWN WHEN
THE BARRAGE LIFTS!



HA--- I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ENEMY TRY
A BAYONET ATTACK AGAINST THOSE
MONSTERS! MEBBE NOW YOU GUYS
ARE FEELIN' FOOLISH
FOR HAVIN' KNOCKED
YOURSELVES OUT IN
BAYONET DRILL IN
THE STATES!



NOT ME! THOSE
TANKS AIN'T
ALWAYS AROUND
WHEN YUH NEED
'EM -- AN' MUH
BAYONET IS!

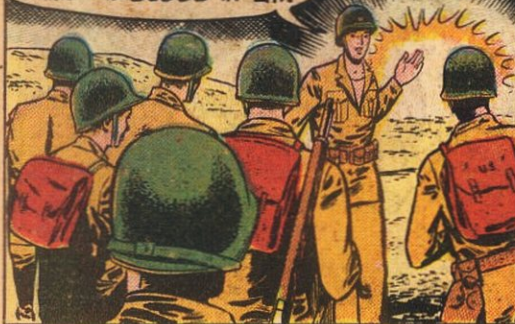
NUTS! IF THE
TANKS AIN'T
AROUND, OUR
FLY-BOYS ARE!
THEY'RE ALL HERE
TO SERVE THE QUEEN
O' BATTLE--TO MAKE
THINGS EASY FOR
US DOGGIES
IN THE INFANTRY!



THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE GREW LOUDER...THE
SMELL OF DEATH CAME STRONGER-- AND
FINALLY, AT A FORWARD C.P. ...

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
YOU REPLACEMENTS-- WE NEED
YOU BAD! YOU'RE ALL GOING
RIGHT INTO THE LINE! PLENTY
OF EMPTY FOXHOLES FOR YOU
TO TAKE OVER--IF YOU DON'T
MIND THE BLOOD IN 'EM!

POW!
KA-BOOM!



THE --THE GROUND'S
SHAKIN' SO MUCH
I CAN'T EVEN FEEL
MUH KNEES
KNOCKIN'!

YOU NEW GUYS BETTER GET
IN YOUR HOLES FAST-- 'CUZ
THAT RED BARRAGE'LL BE
RIGHT ON TOP OF US SOON!
AN' WHEN THE STUFF STOPS
COMIN' OVER, IT MEANS
THE REDS ARE
COMIN' OVER!



SUDDENLY, THE BARRAGE LIFTED--AND THE
SILENCE WAS DEAFENING! BUT NOT FOR
LONG! ...

PFC. NICK LAWTON WASN'T A COWARD--IT WAS JUST
THAT HE WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR THE EASY WAY OUT...
THE WAY THAT REQUIRED THE LEAST EFFORT AND TROUBLE!

BA-WHOMP!
WAAAAAAA!

FOR MY PART, THE
BARRAGE CAN LAST
FOREVER! NO SENSE
WORRYIN' ABOUT SHELLS--
IF I HEAR 'EM LAND, THEY
AIN'T GOT MY NUMBER
ON 'EM -- AND IF I DON'T,
I WON'T BE ALIVE TO
KNOW ABOUT IT!

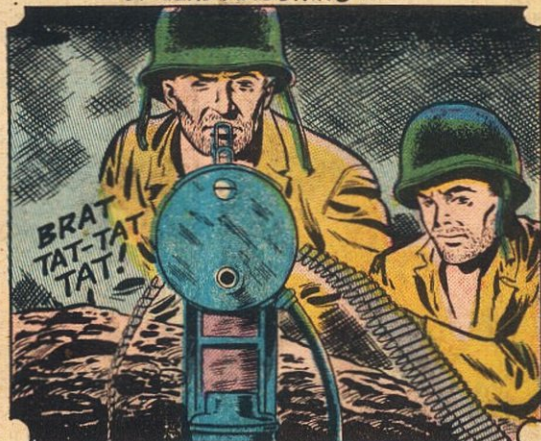


! 哇哇哇! **! 哇哇哇!**

HERE THEY
COME--FIX
BAYONETS!



ALL ALONG THE LINE, THE G.I.'S OPENED UP --
WITH CARBINES, GARANDS, LIGHT AND HEAVY
MACHINEGUNS -- ADMINISTERING A MASSIVE DOSE
OF LEAD POISONING --



BUT AS NIGHT SHROUDED THE BATTLEFIELD WITH
DARKNESS AS BLACK AS THE GRAVE, KILLERS
CRAWLED ACROSS THE BLOOD-SOAKED
GROUND WITHOUT A SOUND...



AND THE VERY FIRST SOUND INDICATING THAT THE
REDS WERE ON THE PROWL WAS THE AGONIZING
SHRIEK OF A DOGGIE WHO HAD BEEN ASLEEP IN
HIS HOLE -- AND WHOSE SLEEP WOULD NOW
BE PERMANENT!





BY THIS TIME, A U.N. FLARE HAD PLUMMETED DOWN OVER THE FRONT LINES! DEPRIVED OF THEIR NECESSARY COVER OF DARKNESS, THE SURVIVING REDS WERE MERCILESSLY CUT DOWN!

WITH ALL QUIET AGAIN ON THE FRONT...

SEE THAT? I TOLD YOU YOU GOTTA BE CRAZY TO USE A BAYONET! THAT RED MUST'VE HAD YEARS O' BAYONET DRILL--AN' LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!



YUP, IF YOU GET A RIFLE AS GOOD AS THE OLE M-1, WHY TURN IT INTO A SPEAR? AS LONG AS YOU STILL GOT A TRIGGER FINGER IN WORKIN' ORDER, YOU'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF FROM A BUNCH O' BAYONET-WAVIN' REDS!

K COMPANY--
FALL OUT AND
ASSEMBLE IN
THE REAR WITH
FIXED
BAYONETS!



OKAY, GANG--WE'RE HITTING THAT RUINED VILLAGE AHEAD OF US AND FLUSHING OUT ANY REDS WHO MAY STILL BE THERE! WE'LL--LAWTON--GET A BAYONET ON THAT PIECE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

YES,
SIR!



K COMPANY MOVED UP, AGAINST SOME NAMELESS VILLAGE THAT HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND RE-CAPTURED A DOZEN TIMES IN THE EBB AND FLOW OF WAR...

WE'LL NEVER USE THESE BAYONETS! THERE CAN'T BE ANY REDS LEFT ALIVE IN THAT VILLAGE AFTER OUR ARTILLERY AND BOMBERS WORKED IT OVER!

YA CAN NEVER TELL THOSE RATS ARE TOUGH TO ROOT OUT!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE RUBBLE...

LOOK OUT--
HERE THEY
COME!

THEY'RE NOT
FIRIN'---MAYBE
OUT OF AMMO!
MOW 'EM
DOWN!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



THE FIRST WAVE OF REDS WERE CUT DOWN IN THEIR TRACKS, BUT STILL MORE Poured OUT OF THE WRECKAGE, OUT OF THE MAZE OF CELLARS AND UNDERGROUND TRENCHES...

I--I USED UP MY CLIP! THEY'LL BE ON TOP O' ME BEFORE I CAN SHOVE A NEW CLIP IN--BUT I... I'VE GOTTA TRY!



WITH FUMBLING HANDS, NICK CLAWED AT HIS CARTRIDGE BELT, TORE OUT A FRESH CLIP OF .30 CALIBRES---BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

NO... NO TIME TO PUT THE CLIP IN---
ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



THEN, WITH NICK OFF BALANCE...



I--I THOUGHT I WAS A WISE GUY-- THAT I'D COME THROUGH OKAY--- BUT INSTEAD... **THIS!**



GUESS I WAS---
A SUCKER---

NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM!
HE WON'T LAST LONG!

POOR NICK! THE REST OF US CAME THROUGH THAT BAYONET ATTACK-- BUT NOT NICK, THE GUY WHO COULDN'T SEE THE POINT OF BAYONET PRACTICE! WELL, HE SURE GOT THE POINT---BUT TOO LATE!



DESPERATELY, NICK TRIED TO RECALL THE TRICKS OF BAYONET-FIGHTING HE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEARNED BACK IN THE STATES-- BUT HIS MIND WAS A BLANK! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR THE RED TO LUNGE FIRST, SO THAT THE BLOW COULD BE PARRIED AND THE RED COULD BE CAUGHT OFF BALANCE AND EASILY DISPOSED OF! INSTEAD, NICK WAS THE ONE WHO LUNGED BLINDLY FORWARD!

HE--- HE PARRIED MY THRUST!



NO... NO!



AAGHHH!

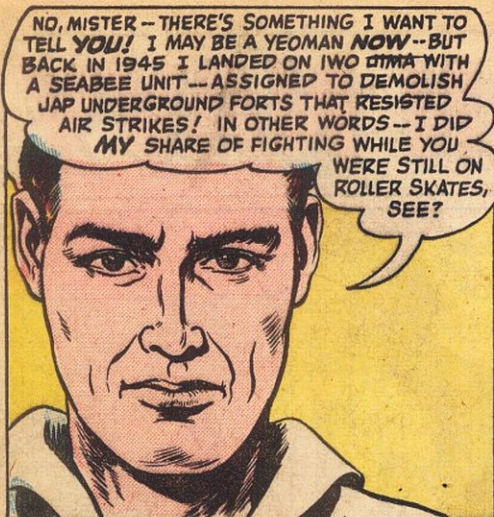


THE END

6

THE ONE-MAN NAVY





NO, MISTER--THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL **YOU!** I MAY BE A YEOMAN **NOW**--BUT BACK IN 1945 I LANDED ON IWO JIMA WITH A SEABEE UNIT--ASSIGNED TO DEMOLISH JAP UNDERGROUND FORTS THAT RESISTED AIR STRIKES! IN OTHER WORDS--I DID MY SHARE OF FIGHTING WHILE YOU WERE STILL ON ROLLER SKATES, SEE?



DOESN'T IT FRACTURE YOU--LISTENING TO THESE GUYS WHO DID ALL THEIR ROUGH STUFF IN THE **LAST** WAR?

YEAH--AND EIGHT YEARS AGO! I'LL SAY THIS FOR PETERSON--HE'S GOT A GOOD MEMORY!

A GOOD MEMORY... FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, YEOMAN PETERSON'S MIND FLASHES BACK--BACK TO THE FLAMING FURY THAT WAS IWO JIMA!

LET'S GO, PETERSON! NO USE MOPPING UP THE JAPS ON YOUR OWN--WE'VE ASSIGNED A MARINE BATTALION FOR THAT!



LATER-- LIEUTENANT--I WANT TO KNOCK OUT THAT RED SHIPYARD ON CHINPO!

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER, PETERSON--BUT ORDERS LIMIT US TO PATROL DUTY! OUR PLANES ARE TIED UP MAKING FIRE RAIDS ON RED SUPPLY DUMPS--AND WE CAN'T GET AIR COVER!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR--I WANT TO DO IT **ALONE!** I'VE BEEN WATCHING THE CURRENT FOR THE PAST FEW HOURS--AND IT'D CARRY A LIFE RAFT RIGHT TO CHINPO! I'VE GOT THE KNOW-HOW, AND I'D LIKE A LITTLE ACTION--**HOW ABOUT IT?**



OKAY--CAST OFF!

GOOD LUCK, PETERSON--AND TRY TO GET AS FAR OFFSHORE AS POSSIBLE WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH! SEND UP A GREEN FLARE--AND WE'LL BUST A GUT TO PICK YOU UP BEFORE THE RED BOMBERS SPOT US!

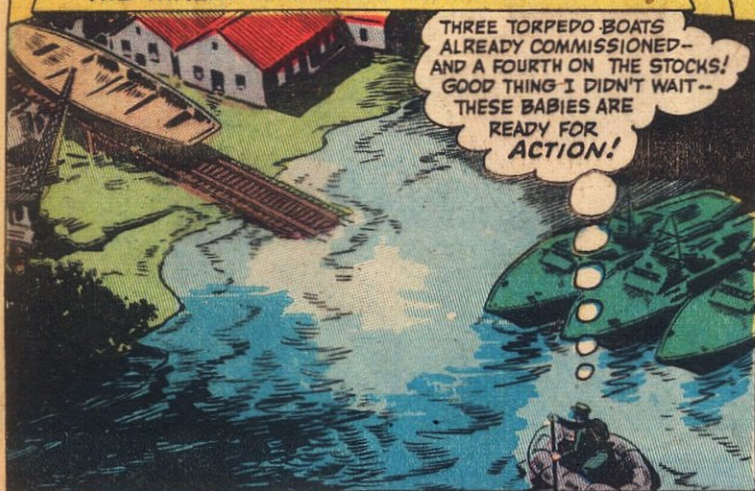


AN HOUR LATER--

SEEMS QUIET ENOUGH--BUT LATEST REPORTS ESTIMATE AT LEAST FIVE HUNDRED CHINESE ON CHINPO! MOVING IN WITH AN AUTOMATIC, A SIGNAL PISTOL, AND A DEMOLITION OUTFIT MAY SEEM LIKE A SHORT CUT TO SUICIDE--BUT ANYTHING I DID EIGHT YEARS AGO I CAN DO **AGAIN!**



**YARD BY YARD -- WITH EVERY SHADOW HOLDING
THE THREAT OF SUDDEN DEATH --**



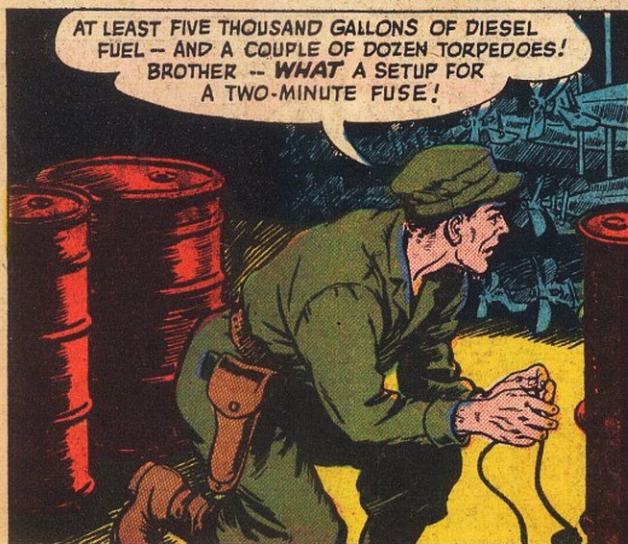
WITH THIRTY AROUSED REDS JABBERING EXCITEDLY--



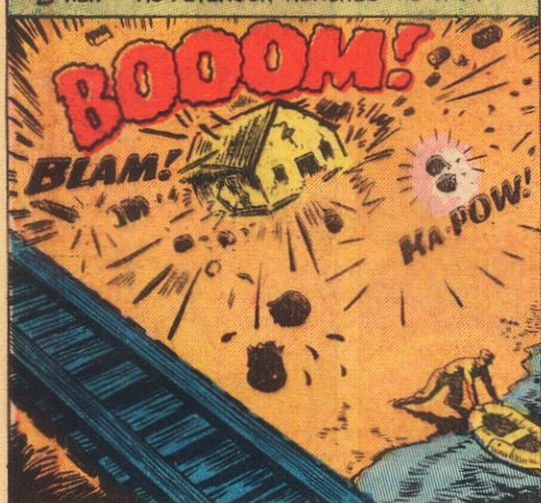


IN THE NICK OF TIME --





THEN -- AS PETERSON REACHES HIS RAFT--



DEADLY AS FIRE BOMBS -- THE EXPLODING FUEL DRUMS LAND ON THE DISABLED CRAFT!



SHOOT! SHOOT!
IF HE ESCAPES, WE
LOSE FACE -- AND
MAYBE HEADS!

DUCKING THAT
SEARCHLIGHT WOULD'VE
BEEN MURDER -- IF I
HADN'T BEEN LUCKY
ENOUGH TO LAY DOWN
MY OWN SMOKE
SCREEN!



AN HOUR LATER --

CHINPO'S STILL BURNING
... PETERSON DID A HONEY
OF A JOB, MEN -- BUT I'M
AFRAID HE DIDN'T
GET AWAY!



SUDDENLY--SLASHING
THE DARKNESS--

LOOK--IT'S A
GREEN FLARE!
PETERSON'S
SAFE!

ON YOUR
TOES--
LET'S
ROLL!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER --

YOU'RE THE ONLY
MAN IN THE FLOTILLA
TO WIN A **SECOND**
NAVY CROSS,
PETERSON -- AND
I WANT TO BE
THE FIRST TO
CONGRATULATE
YOU!

I'M AFRAID
THE CREW BEAT
YOU TO IT, SIR! THEY
ALL CHIPPED IN TO
BUY ME THIS WATCH
WHEN WE TOUCHED AT
HONG KONG LAST WEEK--
AND I'M CERTAINLY
PROUD ABOUT THE
BALONEY THEY HAD
ENGRAVED ON
THE BACK!



THE END 6

Leadership

PVT. JERRY WILSON had turned down stripes every time they were offered. He wasn't yellow, just smart...smart enough to know that non-coms accounted for an enormous percentage of those who wound up on obituary lists. "Why stick my neck out?" he thought, lying flat in a muddy ditch as a stream of Chinese slugs whizzed over his head. "The moment they make you responsible for anybody else, your chances of coming out of combat alive are that much slimmer."

The squad had been pinned down for more than an hour, waiting hopefully for the artillery to knock out the well-concealed machinegun on the hill beyond. Jerry wasn't comfortable, but he was reasonably safe, much safer than the non-com whose duty it was to be a leader. For Sergeant Lollar, leadership at that moment meant slithering from ditch to ditch, to tell the men what he wanted done. Most dangerous of all, leadership meant taking big risks, like trying to locate the exact position of the Commie gun.

Jerry watched the sergeant crawl up. Though slugs were passing within inches of his head, he kept coming. "Don't be a jerk, Sarge!" Jerry yelled. "There's nothing we can do against that M. G. except wait for the artillery!"

"The artillery's tied up," returned Lollar breathlessly. "Meanwhile we're losin' contact with the squads on our flanks. I just spotted the Red position, four fingers left of that double boulder. The only way we can take it is to lay down a base of fire here and swing three of the guys up the draw on the left. That way we can take 'em by surprise from the flank. Follow me, Wilson! We're movin' out!"

An order was an order. Moments later the two men, their faces in the mud, were zigzagging across the open field to where the others were pinned down. They had

almost reached safety when Lollar suddenly pitched over on his back and screamed. Swiftly, Jerry pulled him into a defilade. The sergeant was bleeding badly from a chest wound, but was still able to gasp, "Go...ahead! Never mind...about me! Knock...out...the...gun..."

There was a bubble of blood at Lollar's mouth, just before he died. Jerry swallowed hard, and felt a surge of intense shame rise within him. It was all so unfair. For months he had been thinking only of himself, letting Lollar take risks which he should have shared. Suddenly he felt like a traitor, a leech, a parasite. All at once a burst of fury swept over him, fury with himself.

"Jones! Schuyler!" he shouted to the squad not far away. "Follow me! The rest of you guys get your tails off the ground and start pouring lead to the left of that double boulder! Move!"

Jones and Schuyler responded like robots to the authority in Jerry's voice. As a hail of G. I. rifle fire kicked up puffs of dirt around the machinegun emplacement, forcing the Chinese heads down, the three men sprinted for the woods.

Then there was a wild dash up the draw, and around to the flanks of the Reds' position. Jerry, arriving first, pulled the pin on a grenade, stepped out from among the overhanging branches, and threw. There was a shattering explosion. The machinegun was destroyed.

Later in the day Jerry's squad finally caught up with the rest of the platoon. The lieutenant listened to his report soberly. "Good work," he said. "Lollar couldn't have done better himself." Jerry felt a surge of pride. The lieutenant met his eyes. "I've offered you stripes before, Wilson," he said, "but this time I have a feeling you won't refuse. After all, you've been leading the squad since Lollar died, so you may as well have the pay and chevrons to prove it."

Great AMERICAN SEA HEROES

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST NAVAL OFFICERS WAS CAPTAIN OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, HERO OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE!



5TH MARCH, 1813...

LIEUTENANT PERRY, YOU WILL PROCEED TO THE PORT OF ERIE AND TAKE COMMAND OF OUR FLEET OF TEN SHIPS BASED THERE! AT ALL COSTS, YOU MUST PREVENT THE BRITISH FLEET FROM LANDING ANY EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ON THE SOUTHERN SHORES OF THE LAKE!

AYE, AYE COMMODORE CHAUNCEY!



UPON HIS ARRIVAL AT ERIE, THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT FOUND THAT HIS "FLEET" OF TEN SHIPS CONSISTED OF TWO BRIGS, TWO SCHOONERS, AND SIX SMALLER SHIPS... MOUNTING A TOTAL OF ONLY 55 GUNS! NEVERTHELESS, WHEN THE CRISIS CAME ON SEPTEMBER 10TH...

SAILS HO... LARGE BRITISH FLEET APPROACHING!

RAISE THE TOP-GALLANT SAIL... FULL SPEED TOWARD THE ENEMY!



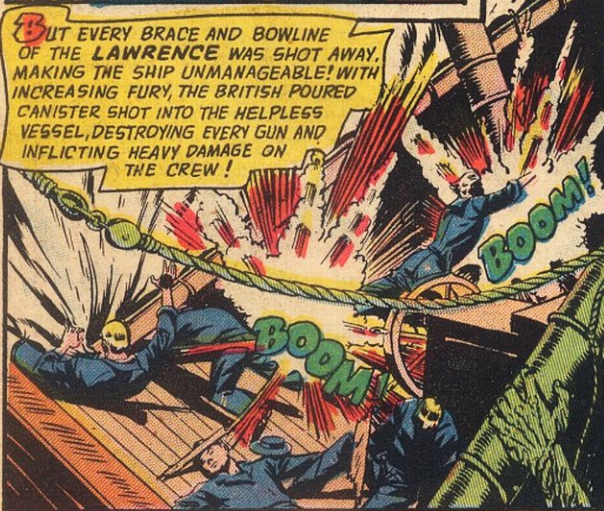
PERRY'S FLAGSHIP THE BRIG LAWRENCE, WAS THE FASTEST OF THE AMERICAN VESSELS! SOON, SHE HAD OUTDISTANCED HER ESCORT... TO THE DELIGHT OF THE BRITISH GUNNERS WHO THEREUPON COULD CONCENTRATE THEIR FIRE!

LT. PERRY... THE BRITISH GUNS HAVE A LONGER RANGE THAN OURS! SHOULDN'T WE FALL BACK UNTIL THE REST OF OUR FLEET COMES UP?

NO! CLOSE IN UNTIL OUR GUNS ARE WITHIN RANGE OF THE ENEMY!



BUT EVERY BRACE AND BOWLINE OF THE LAWRENCE WAS SHOT AWAY, MAKING THE SHIP UNMANAGEABLE! WITH INCREASING FURY, THE BRITISH Poured CANISTER SHOT INTO THE HELPLESS VESSEL, DESTROYING EVERY GUN AND INFLECTING HEAVY DAMAGE ON THE CREW!



OUR... OUR OTHER SHIPS HAVEN'T COME UP YET, SIR... HADN'T WE BETTER LOWER OUR FLAG AND SURRENDER?

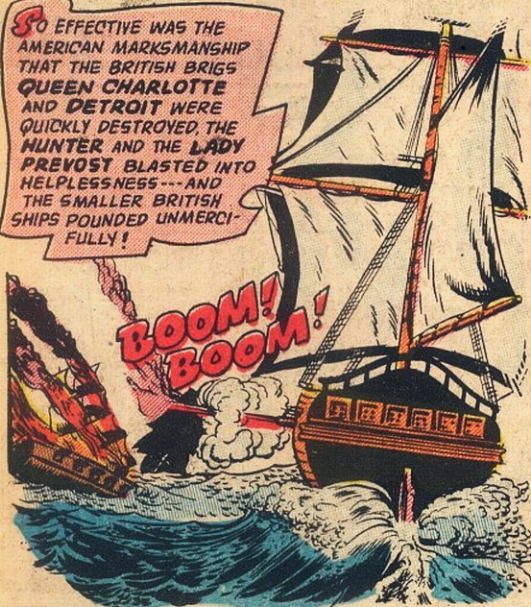
WE'LL LOWER OUR FLAG... BUT ONLY TO TRANSFER IT TO THE NIAGARA! WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET!



THE RACE TO THE BRIG **NIAGARA** WAS A NIGHTMARE, WITH THE LONGBOAT FIRED UPON BY THE ENTIRE BRITISH FLEET --- CANNON BALLS WHISTLING ONLY A FEW INCHES OVERHEAD!



SO EFFECTIVE WAS THE AMERICAN MARKSMANSHIP THAT THE BRITISH BRIGS **QUEEN CHARLOTTE** AND **DETROIT** WERE QUICKLY DESTROYED, THE **HUNTER** AND THE **LADY PREVOST** BLASTED INTO HELPLESSNESS --- AND THE SMALLER BRITISH SHIPS POUNDED UNMERCIFULLY!



BY THE TIME PERRY CLAMBERED ABOARD THE **NIAGARA**, THE SHIP WAS WITHIN RANGE OF THE ENEMY! IMMEDIATELY, PERRY ORDERED THE GUNNERS TO COMMENCE FIRING!



FINALLY, SHORTLY AFTER 3 P.M. ---

YIPPEE --- THE BRITISH ARE SURRENDERING

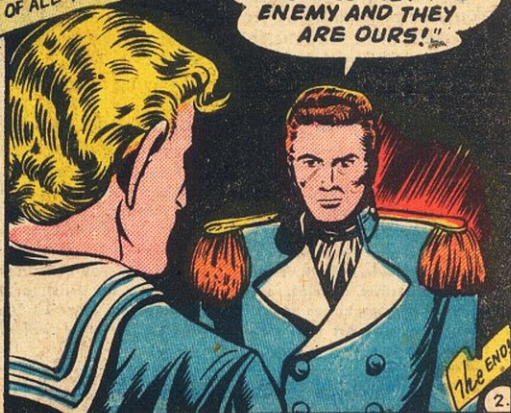


FITTINGLY, PERRY INSISTED ON RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF HIS DEFEATED ENEMY ON THE DECK OF HIS OLD FLAGSHIP, THE RAVAGED **LAWRENCE**!



THEN CAME THE WORDS THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE MINDS AND HEARTS OF ALL AMERICANS ---

MIDSHIPMAN FORREST, TAKE THIS MESSAGE TO GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON --- **"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS!"**



The End
2

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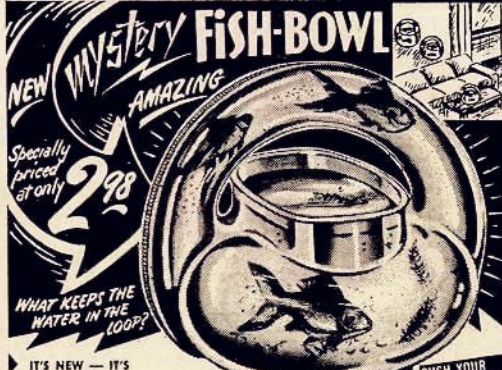
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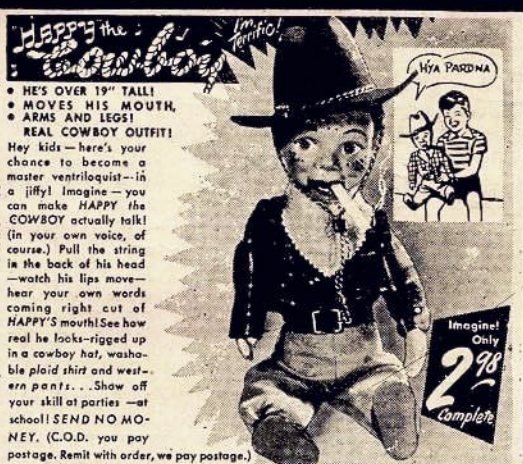
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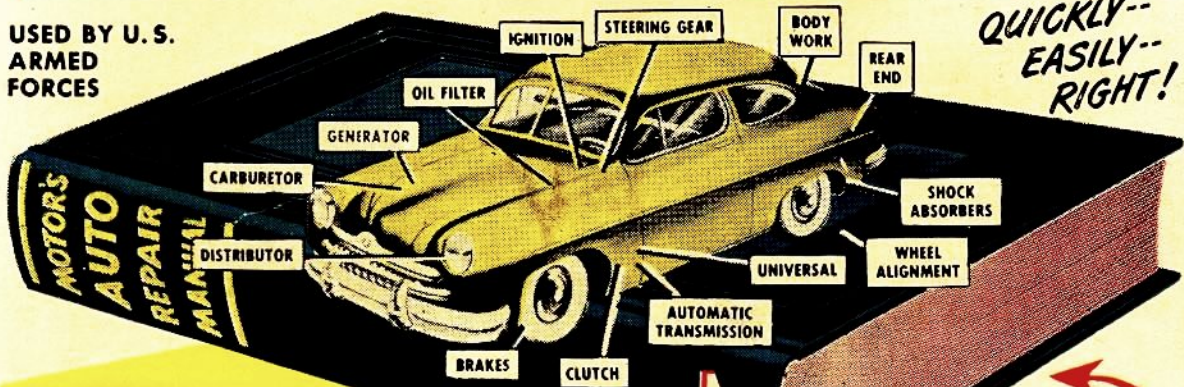
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